

# Mohave County Miner.

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## Rich Finds that Were Lost.

"It is singular, but a fact," said an old prospector to a Doodwood (S D) Pioneer reporter, "that many times while parties and individuals have been traveling through the Black Hills country rich gold float and rock carrying other valuable metals have been picked up that were not prospected until camp or some of the towns were reached, often several days after the find. The ore would be prospected or shown to some one who knew, or at least thought he knew, something about rock."

"In early days every man was more or less his own assayer. He would pulverize the ore in a mortar until it was as fine as dust and then pan it down until nothing was left but the gold. A pestle and mortar and pan were such much of the prospector's outfit as a pick and shovel or some dough and bacon, or pipe and hard tobacco. Very little attention was given to fire assaying; in fact it was a common saying among prospectors that 'if it won't pan it's no good,' hence it always followed that the ore prospected carried gold or nothing in his opinion. Many times when the ore was proved to be rich the place where it was picked up could not be found again. In the summer of 1877 there was an old man at Central who made a business of picking red raspberries, which he found quite plentiful on the mountains west of Central. At night he usually returned with eight or ten quarts of this very palatable fruit. Occasionally he would stay out over night, especially in the better part of the season when berries were growing scarce near town. On one occasion when away over night and several miles from home he came upon a place where it looked as though many years before some work had been done. There was a dump leveled off on which was piled a thousand pounds or more of deep red rock, which must resemble the ore that were being mined at Central, called cement. The only lack of resemblance was that this deep red rock did not show the quartz pebbles found in the Central cement. His next thought was 'Where did it come from?' Yes, it had come out of the bank right in front of him, which looked as though a short tunnel had been run into it, but was not caved in, as the sag, or what appeared to be an open cut, was considerably higher than the level of the dump and showed nothing but loose surface rock and dirt that contained no pieces of ore. After looking over the place he concluded to take some of the ore to town with him, after first filling his pants with berries, his cotton handkerchief full of ore, making quite a load. On reaching town the first thing done was to find a buyer for the fruit, which he did at the Pacific House at 50 cents a quart. He also left his handkerchief full of rock at the same place, giving permission to Mr. Leppla to show it to anyone who might care to look at it, as he did not know what its value might be, if it had any, he not being a miner. The next day two prospectors were testing for gold some ores from a prospect called the Emerald, over at Allen, McKay & Harman's livery stable. While this busy engaged Mr. Leppla's son Henry, (then a boy, now a man and proprietor of a successful business at New Castle) came over to the stable and after looking on awhile said: 'The old gentleman that sells us raspberries brought some rock with him which he thinks has gold in it would you like to see it?' 'Yes, of course,' answered the prospectors. Henry returned in a few minutes with a piece of ore deep red in color and about the size of a cocoon, and handing it to one of the men asked: 'What do you think of it?'

"Why, it looks good, but you can't tell anything about its value without crushing and panning it, one remarked and asked if he might break it. 'Yes, if you wish,' he said. It was broken and on a close examination many colors of free gold, both coarse and fine, could be seen with the naked eye. After all had looked at it permission was asked of Henry to break off a piece and prospect it, which was granted.

"The piece so prospect would not weigh more than one fourth of a pound and yielded fully six grains of gold. The two prospectors were much excited and

wanted to see the raspberry man at once, but he was not to be found that day. The next morning at daylight the two prospectors were up and on the lookout for a party that was said to be going with the old man that had found the ore to make some locations on it, but they were too late, the party had already gone. The day was foggy, this party hunted all day but could not find the place. In fact the old man became so bewildered that he would have lost himself had the others not kept the bearing. In the evening the party returned, after having ridden fully thirty miles up and down over the hills and were very much disgusted. The old man was taken sick and remained so for some time, and when he recovered went back to his home in the states. The two prospectors have spent many days, yes, two months, looking for the old raspberry man's mine, but up to date have been unsuccessful. They are still in hopes of some day finding it, though the rains and snowslides may have covered up the opening the old man saw, but a piece of the float would be all the finger board they would want as with the perseverance of time and the determination of old Nick they would surely trace it to its source. Of course the field lies wide open, and who can find it will have a fortune.

## Electric Power Transmission for Mines.

Probably no other application of transmission of electric power is more appreciated than in mining. In some instances the geological location of the mine renders a supply of fuel either entirely out of the question or very extensive; but the principal reason in favor of such application appears to be that in almost every instance ample water power—cheapest of all known sources of power—is within available distance from the mines, where, with a single source of power from one generator operated by a water wheel, transmission is readily and economically made not only to one, but to any desired number of locations in and about the mines, as is best suited to the requirements of the work to be performed.

A splendid illustration of such application is in operation at the Mammoth mine, situated in Nevada county, California. This plant is reported to have been run continuously day and night for the past year, stopping only for "clean up," and without the expenditure of a cent for repairs or renewals, or the loss of a moment of time. Such a record would, of course, be an impossibility ordinarily; and in some cases, as, for instance, in the operation of mine pumps, it presents important features for consideration.

At the Mammoth mine the power station is located at the base of a ravine on the headwaters of the Fresno river, where a short ditch only was necessary to obtain a fall of sixty-three feet. From the end of the ditch the water is conducted to the wheel through a twenty-eight-inch pipe, 230 feet long. The power station consists of a three-nozzle, sixty-seven-inch Pelton water wheel running under a head of sixty-three feet at 109 revolutions per minute, and having a maximum capacity of 175-horse power.

The power is transmitted from the wheel to a countershaft by seventeen one and one-half inch manilla ropes, giving the countershaft a speed of 330 revolutions, from which is driven by belt connection an Electric Engineering Co.'s type C generator of 125-horse power. The current is carried to the mine, 8,000 feet distant, by bare copper wires at a pressure of 100 volts and supplies four separate and independent motors which operate a twenty-stamp mill and rock breaker, concentrator pump on central lift and a set of hoisting works. As the hoisting works require about fifty per cent of the power generated and are continually starting and stopping, throwing the current on and off instantly, regulation at such high pressure and under such great variations of load proved one of the most trying propositions encountered. This, however, has been successfully accomplished by use of the Pelton differential governor on the water wheel, which, it is said, maintains a uniform voltage under any and all the variations incident to the operation of such a variety

of machinery in an intermittent and irregular way. On account of the peculiar local conditions, this plant has attracted no small amount of attention from capitalists and from scientists, and its complete success has demonstrated that a comparatively large amount of power can be procured by this means, and run at a merely nominal cost as compared to steam, and without the inevitable delays incident to steam power systems.

It is predicted that the day is not far distant when every large mine in the country will have adopted electric power, and that such adoption, in view of its superior advantages, for continuous service, as shown in the record of the Mammoth mine outfit, will result in the more general use of convenient water power.—M & S Press.

## The Chagrin of the Robbers.

The gold press of the East cannot, as a rule, restrain their disappointment and chagrin at the action of Germany in moving for a restoration of silver, and some of them directly lie about the whole business. The Salt Lake Tribune quotes a few lines from a long editorial in the Chicago Herald as a sample:

"The bimetallicists of Germany have not much in common with the silver extremists of this country. The latter insist upon unlimited coinage of silver at our mints for the benefit of depositors, no matter what other countries may do. That is to say, they insist upon a policy which would give us silver monometallism in place of gold monometallism."

"The German bimetallicists, on the other hand, do not propose to shift from gold to silver monometallism, nor do they propose that Germany shall act alone. They propose joint action by the leading commercial nations. They do not favor unlimited coinage of silver, even under an international agreement, at the ratio of 15½ to 1 or 16 to 1. They do not shut their eyes against facts. They are willing to admit that it is no easy matter even for a strong combination of nations to double the gold value of silver. They are willing to accept a mint ratio more nearly corresponding with the market ratio—a ratio which might possibly be maintained, and which would not certainly land all the contracting countries upon silver monometallism."

Now, the truth is it was expressly stated in the resubstant that the proposition was to restore silver, at 15½ to 1, which is the European ratio, and the fallacy of increasing the ratio can be easily understood by a moment's reflection. Suppose the ratio were to be established at 30 to 1, as some of these gentlemen desire. It would be possible for England to buy the silver, run it into bars, trade them to India for merchandise and outtake the world. The original ratio of 16 to 1 in this country was established by calculation; it was not a guess. The commercial value of silver had nothing to do with it. It was established partly by the products of the two metals in the world; partly by the cost of producing silver, and the idea of taking the white metal which has been beaten down solely by legislation and a vicious press and making that at its reduction price now a basis through which full recognition shall be given it, is just up to the intellect and the morals of a confirmed goldite. There is nothing in it. There will either be a restoration in full of silver, or it will gradually sink until it ceases to be mined, and then only will be restored after the world pays for the wrong done by demonetization, by some rivers of blood and torches made out of cities on fire.

The few administration organs left are emitting the first howl of joy that they have raised in many dark and dreary days. They declare that the sale of bonds in New York and London recently, shows that public confidence and credit are restored. The misguided creatures seem to think that the administration has won a victory and has been vindicated; when the fact is, it is shown in spite of its blundering and stupidity, the public credit remains unimpaired. It is so high, and so firm that all the efforts of the Cleveland and the Carlises cannot shake it.—Albuquerque Citizen.

## Mines Along the Colorado River.

A shaft is being put down on the Gold Prince mine by Mr. Mendeville in White Canyon. The ore is said to be very rich.

The vein crops out nearly the whole length of the claim and is from 6 to 50 feet wide, and all prospects well. Wm. Strain has sunk 10 feet on the Gold King mine, which proves to be a promising mine. The ore prospects well in free gold, mining from \$15 to \$165 per ton in free gold. San Francisco parties have bonded the claim, \$500 down, \$1,000 March 15th and the balance, June 1st; the amount of the bond being \$15,000.

Guadalupe Martinez, a merchant at Picocho, is mining ore from the Gold King in his arastras. He takes the ore on burros 2½ miles from the mine to his residence. He is also opening one of the cement gravel deposits and carting the pay dirt 2 miles to his arastras. Wm. Hodges has the Louis Haeger mine down 40 feet. He has shipped 10 tons of the ore to the one-stamp Kendall mill at Por Holes to be worked. The mine is looking well and the ore promises to yield good returns. Whenever work is being done on the mines, the results have been more than satisfactory. In the cross cut run in the San George mine, a vein about 12 feet wide was opened which has turned out some of the richest ore ever seen in the Picocho mines.

The old five-stamp mill, built years ago, run three years and nine months on ore, crushing from 15 to 24 tons per day, that yielded from \$42 to \$96 per ton. No ore was run that paid less than \$40 per ton and only 15 tons of that. The new eleven-stamp mill run 5 years and 7 months, crushing from 45 to 60 tons of ore per day that paid from \$17.50 to \$94 per ton. No ore was ever milled that yielded less than \$14.50, and only 16 tons of that. The two mills turned out \$2,787,510. On a 3,000 ton test made on the ore left in the great veins after the rich pay chutes had been taken out, the new mill yielded \$6 per ton in free gold; 110 average samples assayed \$6.40 per ton in free gold. These facts give one an idea of the great wealth that lies buried up on the Colorado river.—Sentinel.

"I don't get paid for extra work, and I don't intend to do more of it than I can help. I never get any credit for it, whether voluntary or not, and what benefit it is to me anyway?" So we once heard an employee say, who was requested to do something for the general good which was outside of his routine duties. This man was all the time grumbling because he was not better paid for his services. We never knew a person to get along well in the world who was not willing at times to do something for the general good outside of his regular occupation or duties. Nine-tenths of all the neighborly charities, the kindnesses, and the noble deeds in this world, were not paid for in cash, but originated out of "working hours" and were voluntary. If none of these free and voluntary acts were done this world would be a miserable place to dwell in, and fit only for savages. People who are all the time expecting to be paid in cash every time they turn around are generally compelled to take a back seat in the community and have but few real friends in the world.—Exchange.

Prof. Harry Barnhart, superintendent of the Mammoth mine, is in town. He reports the mill at that place in constant operation and about 65 men employed. Fifty stamps are crushing ore from the Collins group and everything is moving smoothly along. When the new North & South road is built it will bring the mine in close touch with Tucson and lessen the distance of stage nearly 30 miles.—Citizen.

## Revelations of a Sleeper.

"I wonder what's the matter with Archibald?" soliloquized Mrs. Bodley the other night, after her worse half had sunk into a fitful slumber. "He seems to have something on his mind of late. He comes home late to dinner every day and says he has trouble with 'the books.' But I can't understand why he is so tired and his shoes are so dusty. If I thought there was some woman at the—but no—"

"Molly R," muttered Mr. Bodley in his sleep.

"So it is a woman, then," said Mrs. B., sitting up in bed. "Oh, if I could lay my hands on—Archibald!—but stop—perhaps his guilty conscience will reveal all."

"Mollie R. and Abbie P.—with Bob Isom," muttered the unconscious merchant.

"So that's what he's been doing, going out to the Cliff with one of his friends and two creatures like that, and—"

"Mollie is hardly fast enough," moaned the oblivious merchant, "but she'll do for the place."

"Going to hire her, indeed!" huffed his wife; "Going to get a new typewriter, eh? Not if I know it. Just wait, Mr. Bodley. What's that?"

"She was damned by John Happy," faintly articulated her partner.

"I'll see this Mr. Happy in the morning and find out all about the honey."

"She cost me forty dollars last week," continued the sleeper, mournfully.

"That's why I couldn't have that new hat," and Mrs. B. gritted her teeth. "Wasting his money on—"

"Corriam likes her," muttered the guilty Bodley, "but Tom Williams says she has had legs, and—'holy smoke, Maria, what do you mean by kicking me out of bed?' and Mr. Bodley sat up on the floor rubbing a large bump on his head.

The neighbors thought they were catching burglars in the Bodley mansion after that, but it was only Mr. B. trying to explain, backed by a large wad of "hard luck" pool tickets, that he had only attended the Bay District racetrack a few times to oblige a country customer. "I wouldn't have cared so much," said Bodley, gloomily, to his partner next day, "if she had carried out her threat and gone to her mother's for a while, but she's done worse—she's actually invited her mother to come and stay with us."—Derrick Dodd in Examiner.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by the Hon. Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, in Congress, on Jan. 8th, 1895, and indicates the unsound financial policy of the pilot now at the helm of the old ship of state: "For two years the ship of state has been pounding against the rocky headlands of Buzzard's Bay, bumping her nose into Hog Island, and stranding, at intervals, in the shallow, sluggish waters of Muddy bay—not a safe harbor of refuge on all their coast, nor one fairly good trading port on all their shores—drifting in the breakers and shallows with the deep blue sea of safety, the favoring winds, and the harbors of commerce but a league to the windward. The time has come to leave the tortuous, dangerous channels, the unexplored, unsounded and unknown waters, and to hold her course in a track whose channels and currents have all been marked; where beacon lights by night, and monuments by day so plainly tell the way in which, sailing for eighty years, she has beaten on no rocks, stranded on no bar, beset by no breakers on a lee shore, and touched the grandest ports on the coast of prosperity."



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